Dear Mr. May,

I duly received "the Evening Post" through your kindness. How did you steed so well? Through whose mediation did those gates of sunset swing open? Many thanks.

Since receiving the three copies — (which I sent to Mary Quincy, to Charles Francis Adams & to Mrs Putnam, I have read the proceedings of the Historical Soc'y. And in view of them, I turned to my pen, & wrote the annexed, concluding sonnet. But considering that Winthrop should mention Lowell to write the memorial

Memoir. I withdrew my intention of adding it to the others; — (although it is no less true that the Members of the Historical Socy are not his peers.)

So I send it for your private perusal — as I may to some of his family perhaps.

You see Mr. Jay has a controversy with the N.Y. Historical Society about the facts of History. The facts are not doubted — only the propriety of committing them to record.

In the Phrase men [illegible]

about than past they are ready
to renounce & denounce &
deny all the cakes & all
of Biography & History. — but
to the Sonnets.

III. Edmund Lenox.

1900.

Too noble was thy life that these should dare —
Men not thy peers — such memories to treasure,
For History's book of Gold, or fitly measure
The priceless values of a life so rare,
Fit laurel for its crowning to prepare.
They could not know thee save in such repose
From sternest strife, as toil-worn racers know
Whose fiery cross flames through the flag'nant air
What time the heavy cloud of shame & woes
Lowers o'er a people truckling to its foes,
— To fall in bolts on them the sin that shows.
— But thy life makes thy century so bright
That glory in the next shall be such life to write.

With kind regards to all,
Yours obliged friend
A. M. C.

Weymouth, Sunday morning

Ms B1.6 V.13 #99